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Vol. IV.—No. 130. MANCHESTER, Saturday, FEBRUARY 4th. Price One Penny.

TEA.
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VIA SUEZ CANAL,
AT
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A very short explanation will show how totally without foundation this impression is. Brandy is really made by the numerous large and small proprietors of vineyards around Cognac, in the Charente Inferieure, who in the first instance make their grapes into wine and as soon as the fermentation has ceased, set to work and distil the wine, the spirit from which is the fine Brandy of Commerce. Immediately after the distillation is completed, the Brandy is purchased in large quantities by the Cognac merchants, who ship it to the various markets for which they have orders. The farmers take their Brandy to market just as farmers here do their corn, and, as a rule, vie with each other in their endeavours to get a name for quality, and each acts on his judgment in selling, some selling at once, some preferring to hold over and sell it when old, and some doing both. A great quantity of each year's produce is purchased in this country and brought over at once, and kept in bond till such time as it is wanted for use. It is a mistake the public make to suppose that because Brandy is bottled in France, and bears this name or that, it is therefore better or older than what respectable merchants sell in England. That which comes in bottle is precisely the same quality of Brandy as that which comes in cask, and, as a rule, it is sent younger and costs more, owing to extra expenses, than what regular merchants in England put up themselves, as they keep it in bond till fully matured. We advise the public to place no confidence whatever on the mere putting up of the article in bottle in France, but to BUY VALUE and NOT NAME.
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POSITIVELY FOR TWELVE NIGHTS ONLY.

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CHRISTY MINSTRELS,

Ten in Number,

The only organised Female Christy Minstrel Performers in the world.

This Female Band of Minstrels have everywhere met with the most unprecedented success. At Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle, and Sunderland crowds were nightly turned from the doors, unable to gain admittance to see them.

This Celebrated Troupe of Female Minstrels will give their

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Each Evening (in Native Costume), comprising Original Songs, Ballads, Duets, Quartettes, Instrumental Selections, Comic Sketches of Negro Life, Burlesque Negro Dances, and their inimitable illustration of La Parisienne

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MR. STUART ROLETTI

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103, STOCKPORT ROAD (Opposite Shakespere-street), having recently commenced business on his own account, respectfully solicits the support of his neighbourhood. For many years connected with a leading family house in the county, of over one hundred years' standing, and **buying everything direct from the producer**, he is in a position to enter into an honourable competition with the leading houses in town.

If therefore, the neighbouring gentry would kindly favour him with one trial, he trusts they will never have occasion to regret the encouragement thus given to a young beginner.

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Finest Imported Marsala.....20s. per doz.
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The best and safest remedy for coughs; relieves the difficulty of breathing in Asthma. To be had from most respectable chemists and confectioners, in 3d. and 6d. boxes; or, direct from he depot.—HETHERINGTON, wholesale confectioner, 18, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester.—7lb. parcels carriage paid o any part of the kingdom.

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OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS,

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PEASANTRY and other NON-COMBATANT SUFFERERS

In the districts of France and Germany ravaged by the War.

Thousands of our FELLOW-CREATURES, MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN,

are now

STARVING FROM COLD AND HUNGER,

Being houseless, without fuel, and only half-clad.

There are now twelve unpaid agents actively engaged in the distribution of this fund in these distressed districts, and it is that their efforts may continue to be exerted that we appeal to our fellow-citizens for largely-extended support.

The Central Committee have made arrangements to extend their operations to the districts between Orleans and Paris, and the valley of the Loire, which have been five times fought over, and where the fearful extent of distress will far exceed even that which still exists round Metz, as is evident from the recent letter of the Bishop of Versailles, from which the following is an extract:—

"If we are not aided, thousands of unhappy people must die of hunger. Everywhere we are face to face with misery, destruction, and death. Our hands are empty, we have nothing more to give, and in France there is no one to whom we can apply."

William Jones and Thomas Whitwell, two of our Commissioners, who first organised the distribution of the Fund in the neighbourhood of Metz, and who will be known as having since addressed numerous public meetings in aid of the cause, in this and neighbouring towns, have returned to France to arrange for similar distribution in the Valley of the Loire; and Joseph Crosfield, of London, with three other friends, has set out for Paris, to assist in relieving the appalling distress in that city. "Where," says the *Times* of January 30th, "a vast population suddenly find themselves destitute of food, surrounded by devastation and famine, and unable to do anything effectually to help themselves."

Amount reported to the Central Committee in London, upwards of £27,000.

Received by the Manchester Committee, over £1,500.

Manchester Committee.

Charles Thompson, J.P.
John King, Alderman.
James Hodgkinson, Monton Grange, near Eccles.
Josiah Merrick, Whalley Range.
Henry Thorp, Chatham Mills, Lower Ormond Street.
Thomas B. King, Chepstow Street, Oxford Street.
Walter Morris, 68, Fountain Street.
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Subscriptions will be received by the Secretaries; any of the Committee; or at the King Street Branch of the District Bank. Contributions of new clothing or goods in the piece may be sent to 51, Piccadilly.

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PROPRIETORS - THE PRINCE'S THEATRE COMPANY LIMITED.

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EVERY EVENING AT SEVEN.

The NEXT MORNING PERFORMANCE, Wednesday, February 8th, at Two o'clock.

NOVELTIES INTRODUCED THIS EVENING:

NEW MUSIC—VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL.
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CHALK AND AQUATIC FARMYARD.
NEW SHADOW PANTOMIME.

BOX OFFICE OPEN DAILY, FROM ELEVEN TO TWO.

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MONDAY NEXT, 6TH FEBRUARY,

FOR

THE BENEFIT OF THE WAR VICTIMS' FUND,

ON WHICH OCCASION THE ENTIRE RECEIPTS WILL BE PRESENTED WITHOUT DEDUCTION OF ANY KIND.

The following Gentlemen have kindly given their co-operation to the movement:

His Worship the Mayor of Manchester.
Sir Thomas Bazley, Bart., M.P.
Jacob Bright, Esq., M.P.
Hugh Birley, Esq., M.P.
T. B. Potter, Esq., M.P.
Sir Joseph Heron, Knight.
The Officers of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards.
Major F. Barry Drew, and Officers 2nd Battalion 8th (the King's) Regiment.
Lieutenant-Colonel Sowler, and Officers of the 19th L.A.V.
Lieutenant-Colonel Bridgford, and Officers of the 1st M.R.V.
Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. A. Egerton, and Officers of the 3rd M.R.V.
H. M. Acton, Esq.
P. Allen, Esq.
W. R. Callender, jun., Esq., D.L., J.P.
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A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED TABLEAUX

Will be presented, in which the ENTIRE COMPANY, and the numerous Auxiliaries at present engaged at the Theatre, will take part.

APPROPRIATE VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL ACCOMPANIMENTS WILL BE INTRODUCED.

THE NEW SCENERY BY MR. W. PERKINS.

THE GROUPINGS AND ARRANGEMENTS OF THE VARIOUS PICTURES UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. CHAS. CALVERT.

FIRST TABLEAUX—SUMMONED TO THE WAR.
SECOND ,, ANOTHER SORTIE.
THIRD ,, THE PRAYER IN THE CHURCH.
FOURTH TABLEAU—WAR
FIFTH ,, PEACE. } After Landseer.
SIXTH ,, AN ALLEGORICAL TABLEAU,

IN WHICH

MRS. CHARLES CALVERT

WILL APPEAR AS PEACE, AND DELIVER AN ODE.

FINAL TABLEAU.—THE DOVE AND OLIVE BRANCH.

TO BE FOLLOWED WITH THE PANTOMIME.

TICKETS for all parts of the House may be purchased at Messrs. FORSYTH BROTHERS, St. Ann Street; and at the Theatre.
COMMENCE AT SEVEN. PRICES AS USUAL. BOX OFFICE OPEN DAILY FROM ELEVEN TO TWO.

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Mr. SOTHERN will commence an Engagement on Easter Monday next, during which will be produced Byron's New Play, THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, and a New Play by Mr. Albury, both the property of Mr. Sothern, and in which he will sustain the principal parts.

A. LAFOSSE, ART PHOTOGRAPHER, has the Largest Studio in England. 32, VICTORIA STREET.

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COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENTS,

78, OLDHAM STREET,

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90, 92, 94, 96, STRETFORD ROAD,

WHERE CAN BE SEEN THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK IN MANCHESTER.

A HOUSE COMPLETELY FURNISHED IN THREE DAYS.

DRAWING ROOM SUITES,

CONSISTING OF COUCH, LADIES' AND GENTS' CHAIRS, AND SIX SMALL CHAIRS, IN REP,

£8. 8s. TO 30 GUINEAS.

DINING ROOM SUITES,

IN MAHOGANY, AND COVERED WITH BRITISH MOROCCO, COMPLETE,

FOR 10 GUINEAS.

DINING ROOM SUITES IN BEST MOROCCO, FROM 19 GUINEAS.

Dining Tables, with extra leaf, and fitted with screw, 39s. 6d. to 10 Guineas.

Bed Room Suites, in various kinds of woods, from 8 Guineas to 40 Guineas.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!!

CONSIDERABLY REDUCED!

Best Brussels, 3s. 4d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d. *Best Tapestry Brussels*, 2s. 4½d. *to* 2s. 11d.
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Iron Bedsteads, Full Size, 11s. 9d. to £6. Wool Beds, Bolsters, and Pillows, 16s. 6d. to 50s.
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CHURRUCA

Agent for the Spanish Olives

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE MINER.

I have in my time been invited by circular to embark in almost every known industry under the sun, including, I believe, butchering—by which I don't mean war, but the more useful business transacted at abattoirs. I notice a great tendency in the army and navy, and also in baronets, to enter mercantile life in a corporate capacity, limited; presumably because in that capacity mercantile life is more genteel, and not attended with much exertion, which latter is always a consideration with the aristocracy and "the Services." At this moment a general in full regimentals has underwrit me in a Life Office. I once went to have a look at him in London, with a view to forming a notion of the likelihood of my heirs, executors, and assigns encashing my policy, when etcetera, etcetera. I am sorry to tell you that I think my assigns and heirs will not get much out of the old soldier, who has strategically missed his way in the employment of the forces at his disposal, and is now the gallant commander of as seedy an association as was ever palmed off upon human credulity.

But now about mining enterprizes. Were you ever entreated to become a miner—to burrow into the bowels of the earth for coal and copper, silver and lead, iron or gold? I anticipate your reply in the affirmative, and shall wager a trifle that Cornwall furnished the site of the mine, and lovely woman the name. It was either Wheal Mary Jane or Wheal Betsey Anne, or some analogous title; and, as is customary with the ladies, you always found that there was a "captain" somewhere convenient. I never tried the kingdom of Cornwall myself, but I believe I am at present part proprietor of an auriferous mountain in Wales, and that I am further jointly interested in some flatter but still undulating country in the Principality, rich in the precious metals; but I have not the slightest notion whereabouts either tract is situated, except that the metallic character of the undulating territory is sufficiently proven by its being in what is called "liquidation" at this moment, and the solicitor who has it in hand usually laughs when he sees me, either because he has a lightsome temperament, or else because he thinks I am a dashed fool. The name of the undulating territory so rich in the precious metals is, if I remember correctly, Dllfrnwnnyg; so that whatever may be the character of its bowels, you will at once perceive that its vowels are on an extremely limited scale. I have called once upon the solicitor who has this metallic territory in liquidation—or who professes so to have it—and my firm conviction is that nothing whatever is liquidating which I, as a proprietor, shall ever see; but that, on the contrary, the little which is left of what the proprietors originally paid is gradually sinking by its own gravity into the lawyer's pocket. Of what the proprietors originally paid, they have never seen one penny return. At the first general meeting which I attended, there were some minute specimens of gold handed about freely; but earnest reflection upon this incident since has led me to the conclusion that these little lumps of gold were taken, not out of my mountain, but out of the teeth of the chairman and secretary, in which they had originally been rammed and jammed by their respective dentists. I wish I could have the dentist's right of free warren in the mouths of those functionaries, the chairman and secretary, now. If I left one tooth, natural or acquired, leaning against the other, I'm a Dutchman. I would clean the mouths of those gentlemen so entirely that a new-born babe would, in prehensile molar power as compared with them, be as William Tell to Mr. Merriman. Still, though the money has all vanished as if it had never been, or as if a dishonest servant had embezzled or made away with it, I cannot lay my hand on anyone who can be made responsible. All the old officers are honourable men—some of them wealthy men. The starter of the enterprise originally has recently been a candidate for a public office, and no one denounced him as the dentist gold explorer. He usually wears a white neckcloth, and I am given to understand that his style of address is balmy, and that his words are like myrrh and cassia. His predilection for ready cassia, or cash, I can testify to; and I really do believe that, had he been "voted in" to the public office in question, I should have moved that he had his teeth examined, as if he had been a horse.

My mind has been carried back to my old Welsh gold-mining days by the arrival of a pamphlet or prospectus at my office, purporting to proffer me lucrative investments in the "Birdseye Creek Gold Mining Company Limited." As that company is conveniently situated for the personal inspection of the British proprietary in Nevada County, California, by getting up a little earlier than usual in a morning you can have a look at it before breakfast. This would be taking a real "Birdseye" view. The prospectus says—

> This Company is formed to purchase sixteen auriferous gravel claims or mines worked by the hydraulic process, and certain Water Rights.

We are further told that these properties are situated "in Little York Township, Nevada County, California, about three miles from the Dutch Flat Station on the Pacific railroad—eighteen days travel from England." With reference to the mines, the prospectus says—"If worked vigorously they would not be exhausted, it is estimated for fifty years," from which, I suppose, we must infer that if they were not worked vigorously they would probably only last half that period. Please observe that I know nothing whatever, either to the disadvantage or otherwise of the Birdseye Creek. I comment upon the prospectus as containing many things which appear to me deficient in logical sequence. For instance, one of the so-called "claims" is on Brown's Hill, about which I read from the prospectus as follows:—

> From this hill £200,000 in gold is *said to have been extracted*, and only one eighth of the auriferous ground of these claims has been exhausted.

The italics are mine, but I put it to the British investor whether such expressions as *said to be*, or "they say," should be sufficient to tempt his earnings towards Nevada County in the Far West. In the second group, as it is called, on Independence Hill, there are "five claims." "Only one of these, or three united as one, are in operation. One of the dormant claims has a tunnel 500 feet in length, *almost completed*, which has cost £2000, and *when finished* this claim could be most profitably worked." From the third group we get "five claims at Wautoupa all of which can be very profitably worked, but they will not be required for many years."

I am quite ready to endorse the latter statement as far as I am personally concerned. That which impresses me so strongly in most of these mining prospectuses is the air of chaff and badinage which they have about them, as if they were extracts from *Punch*. In this very Birdseye prospectus a gentleman of the name of Bever writes:—"The dam leading the water into the acqueduct is in perfect order * * * If it can be truly said that money is the sinews of war, it can be maintained with still greater authority that in gravel claims the water is the nervus rerum gerendarum. The miner who owns the gravel, but must do his work and buy

his water, may fail, but the person holding both gravel and water cannot fail. According (*sic*) as intelligence predominates in the work, and the gold in the gravel, he will make money more or less, but money he is *bound* to make." Can anything be clearer or more enticing to the prudent investor than the foregoing? Ought we not to trump Mr. Bever's declaration by admitting that water in gravel claims is not only the "nervus rerum gerendarum," but also the quod erat demonstrandum, and the delirium tremens of the whole enterprise.

Perhaps you will consider that I am romancing if I quote another paragraph from the testimony of Mr. Bever, respecting the Birdseye property, but here it is:—

A steady regular working of sixty years could not exhaust the above property, while the water supply would be of great commercial value even were all the gravel at You Bet and Red Dog consumed.

Now, I shall bet you what you like, that "You Bet" and the "Red Dog" too will be consumed, or the latter, in a fit of contrariness, have died of hydrophobia, before I am caught sending my money within "three miles from the Dutch Flat Station on the Pacific railroad." I do not contemplate any amalgamation of Dutch and English flats of that sort at all.

THE BISHOP AT THE WORK-HOUSE.

IT would have been difficult for the Bishop to have chosen more apt or familiar instances than those which he selected, in order to illustrate the remark with which he began his address to the paupers at Withington, viz., that the world is full of contrasts. He recalled to the minds of his hearers thoughts of a bright morning followed by a cloudy afternoon, of youth and age, of wealth and poverty, of intellect and idiocy. There is one other contrast to which the Bishop did not allude, but which is quite as familiar to observing men as those spoken of. There is a conventional Christianity, as exhibited by Christian governments who make war upon each other; by vicars and rectors, who draw large salaries, and leave the work of the parish to be done by half-paid curates; by fashionable congregations, who chant responses, but are guiltless of good deeds; and by church or chapel-going shopkeepers, who defraud or seek to defraud their customers. And there is a written Christianity which teaches us to love our neighbours, to do good to them that hate us, and to remember the poor and afflicted. That's a contrast, and one of the greatest of the present age. But it's a contrast from which custom has removed the sharpness. Occasionally there does arise a simple-minded layman who accepts his creed as it is written. Such a man is often a nuisance. He can't take things as they are. He won't let well alone. What is sufficient for other church-goers is not enough for him. He is a revolutionist. He expects to find the pulpit occupied by a Peter or a Paul, and he can't conceal his opinion that he often encounters in it only selfishness or incompetency. He is always acting as an unpleasant reminder to religious people that the Gospel bids them refrain from lying, slandering, and evil-speaking; he is constantly disturbing little coteries of church members and amiable preachers by telling them that the neglected are perishing for want of care. The Bishop always appears to us to have such an unsophisticated mind. He seems to be a clergyman who understands his calling, just as it is understood by such an uncontaminated layman. Such, at least, is the case, if we understand rightly his unceasing diligence and broad liberality of sentiment. Whether he has as yet proved a disagreeable awakener of conscience to any clergyman in his diocese we cannot say; but when we learn that he intended to preach to the inmates of the workhouse such an intention on the part of the Bishop seemed the most natural thing in the world.

It was a fine wintry afternoon when we drove down to Withington, and we found the approaches to the Workhouse presenting quite a holiday appearance. Two or three 'buses which had brought up the guardians and the guardians' wifes, and families, and friends were depositing their freights. Numerous pedestrians were making their way to the unusual destination. A bishop preaching to paupers appeared to be a remarkable occurrence, and one possessing considerable attractiveness. The faces of the various officials presented that smiling and lively aspect which men usually assume when anything out of the common way, and in the nature of a treat, is going on; and the various visitors hurried into the chapel as if desirous of securing good places. We entered the chapel and, by the attentive kindness of one of the officers who was acquainted with the object of our visit, were placed in a convenient position in the centre and front of the gallery, which is situated at the end of the chapel over the communion table and behind the pulpit. Here, standing beside the organ, we had a full view of the entire spectacle. We do not envy the man who could gaze upon such a scene unmoved. To us it was one of the most soul-stirring sights we have ever beheld. The chapel is a fine, indeed a beautiful one; there is just sufficient stained glass in the windows to cast here and there a "dim religious light." The day was dying away into darkness. An expectant stillness was upon the assembly. The seats were occupied by about five hundred paupers clad in the workhouse garb; women on the right, men on the left, women and children dividing the centre. These were again classified, the old people being all placed at the front and the younger men and women behind. The idiots were in the distance, and behind these again the visitors.

It was not so much because the people before us were inmates of the workhouse, and therefore shut out from many of the pleasures of existence, that the scene became to us almost painful. A great number were old people, to whom those pleasures would in almost any case be things of the past; and these were the people most immediately under our observation. Moreover, if shut out from the pleasures, they were also freed from the cares of active life. To them fluctuating markets, commercial troubles, public disasters, could bring few, if any, anxieties; and, having reached the finale of decreasing wealth, no need had they to provide for future contingencies or to fear possible events. Nearing the end of life, they might, if possessed with a firm faith in that future which the Bishop depicted, pass the few years left in a condition of almost enviable calm. To a philosophic mind, there was something even desirable in their condition. But the contemplation of humanity humiliated is not a pleasant spectacle. We don't like to see it in individuals. We do not care, for instance, to see a man weep. Humility is a beautiful virtue when found in the possessor of wisdom and power; but humility stamped into a constitution by the iron hands of poverty and want is a different thing altogether. And here was such humility in the aggregate. Here were five hundred paupers, a large proportion of them the same ages as our fathers and mothers, dependent upon us for their daily bread. It might be, as the Bishop remarked, that many of them had had their chance, and neglected it; that many more had never had a chance at all. Neither supposition altered the matter. Looking at them, we felt our kinship with the race, and their helplessness and humiliation were ours. Then, too, how many histories of affliction and vanishing hopes, and possibly crime, were embodied before us!

The appropriateness of the service increased the absorbing interest of the spectacle. It was the evening service, and the first words read—"the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit"—struck a chord. Churchmen say that the psalms for the day are always suitable, whatever may be the special occasion upon which they are read. Whoever will read those for the twenty-seventh day will see in them a beautiful applicability to the occasion of which we are writing. Possibly many a heart brightened at the words, "He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him." The hymns were admirably chosen—Heber's touching lyric "The son of God goes forth to war," "Jerusalem the golden," and, at the conclusion, "Abide with me." The singing, chanting, and responses mainly fell to the share of the workhouse children, who did credit to their training by the excellent time which they kept. There was, however, a stern keenness about their tones—at times, indeed, almost a sharp shrillness—which reminded one forcibly of the streets, and of childhood acquainted with care. Even in the height of joy—and some parts of the service told of joy—there was a sadness present. The text selected by the Bishop for his address was from the sixth chapter of Luke, the twentieth and following verses. The sermon was manly, kind, and practical. Without for an instant lessening the discomforts and trials of a state of poverty, the Bishop expounded to his hearers the advantages of such a state as set forth in his text; and, without betray-

ing a shadow of that offensive clerical condescension which we oftenest see exhibited by clergymen and ministers of inferior ability and faithless practice, but with a half-ironical allusion to the idea of there being anything in a bishop preaching to them, he reminded his congregation, in a rather startling manner, that the humblest amongst them was of as much importance in the eyes of the King of Heaven as the Queen upon her throne. The most telling passage in the sermon was that in which the preacher compared the duration of a man's earthly experiences with the duration of eternity. As he passed from this thought, towards the close of his address, to a description of the Christian's hopes with reference to a future state, his language became warmer, and his manner approached the sublime.

During the delivery of the address we considered the faces of those below. The countenances of the majority were expressive of quiet attention; some seemed intensely thoughtful. Several of the elder women stared up at the preacher with that vacant wonderment characteristic of second childhood, some of the men with the pleased aspect of people who can appreciate and delight in appeals to thinking beings. There was real enjoyment depicted on some of these latter faces. The Bishop remained when he had pronounced the benediction and allowed the paupers to pass out before him. Listlessly and quietly the procession passed away. When the lunatics approached his lordship they greeted him with grotesque salutes. Then they also disappeared, the chapel was again still, and we passed quietly out into the dark frosty night.

[FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK.]

THE COMMON SALT-WATER MUSSEL.

"MUSSEL," is the generic name given to certain bivalve molluscs, numerous on all the coasts of Britain. Although these fish are generally associated in the public mind with holiday rambles on the sea-shore, no inconsiderable number exist in the rivers and lakes of Great Britain, and comprise a class known to naturalists as Unionidæ, one species of which, at least, is capable of producing pearls. As its name imports, the Unio Margaritifera is, *par excellence*, the pearl-bearer; but its capacity to produce these valuable gems depends much, we believe, on the character of the water in which it is found. For example, the Somersetshire Avon abounds with these large, oval, flattish molluscs; in fact, no river within our personal knowledge affords them in anything like the same abundance, yet we never saw, nor heard of any one else seeing, a single pearl taken from any Unio in the valley of the Avon. In the Great Exhibition of 1851, some fine pearls were shown that had been gathered in a stream near Omagh. In Scotland, many rivers produce them, amongst which may be noticed the Ythan and the Tay; whilst in Wales, the Conway has long been noted for these gems. Nearly two thousand years ago England furnished the Roman jewellers with many a string of goodly pearls, to adorn the neck or wreath the hair of Patrician maid and matron in the Imperial city, and there is reason to believe that these were all produced by the fresh-water mussel.

Tacitus, in the life of Agricola, speaks of pearls as indigenous in Britain, but scarcely describes them fairly when he calls them "pale and wan." Often whilst fishing in the Claddy—a wild and lonely stream in Donegal—we have seen a score or so of pearls drawn from the pocket of many a peasant, that were neither pale nor wan; whilst some of the beautiful spheres in the British regalia, if report speaks true, came from the neighbourhood of "green Dunkeld," on the Tay. Although the pearl-bearing mussel is well worthy of notice, it is *not* the one which stands at the head of this paper. We trust the reader will pardon the digression. Our text is the Mytilus Edulis, and we will now make the best of our way to the heart of the subject.

The group to which the Mytilus Edulis belongs is not only important, but large and widely scattered over the world of waters; whilst the individual with which we are immediately concerned is represented throughout Europe, and members of the family very closely allied to him seem to have emigrated to America. If we look at home, we are justified in asserting that no foreshores on the continent, taken as a whole, yield so great a number of these fish as our own coasts. Particular points, however, especially on the French seaboard, might be cited as exceptions, one of which at least will be noticed hereafter.

Of all the members of the family the edible mussel is the most important to us. The shell is long, and bears, or is supposed to bear, some fantastical resemblance to the body of a mouse, the Greek word Mus being used to signify indifferently both a mussel and a mouse. Near the hinge a skein of threads protrudes a considerable distance beyond the shell, and waves to and fro in the water when the fish is not attached to some fixed point. This is the byssus or cable, with which the seemingly helpless creature moors his purple shallop more safely than Trotman's heaviest anchor holds the best found frigate in the service. *She* brings up in some recognized roadstead, with ten or fifteen fathoms of blue water under her; but our little craft lies among rocks and breakers, and there weathers many a storm that would wreck a navy. To guide the threads to a spot suitable for the habitation of the animal, the Mytilus is provided with a crescent-shaped appendage, called a foot. This is placed behind the byssus, between it and the hinge of the shells. When the creature is from some accident engaged in what our transatlantic brethren would call 'prospecting,' this member is protruded: or in the words of that accurate and laborious observer, Mr. Hart, late manager of the oyster parcs in Hayling Island, "the foot takes charge of the mussel craft, and performs all the duties of master and crew. It chooses a likely spot for anchorage, and then overhauls its available stock of gear. The defective threads are cast adrift, and if necessary new ones rove." This done the mooring ropes are made fast to the object of attachment, and secured against the possibility of dragging, by innumerable interlacings. In situations much exposed to the weather it is found that the byssus is stouter in proportion to the amount of resistance it has to overcome. Though the colour of the shell is by no means uniform, all the varieties of shade and marking may be classed under the two following heads. The most common is that where a blackish purple hue prevails; the colour however is somewhat deadened by the yellowish epidermis that covers it. The second variety is more rare. Here the shells are thin, semi-transparent, white, or else marked with an uncertain number of blue lines on a pale ground, the epidermis being the same as in the variety before mentioned. The size of the common mussel rarely exceeds two inches and a half in length, by an inch and a half in breadth. Occasional specimens have been gathered, however, of more than twice this size.

The Mytilus is found on all our shores, wherever rocks, stones, masonry, and wood work, in the shape of harbours, piers, jetties, and the like, are met with. Nor is he very particular in the choice of his residence, sometimes taking up his abode near high-water mark, and at others being constantly submerged. Many of our more important beds are found a little above or a little below the low-water mark of spring tides, whilst we know several colonies of these fish, which appear to be inexhaustible, that are always covered by six or seven fathoms of water. We can scarcely believe that a creature which obviously displays so many loving contrivances for its safety and happiness, should be altogether destitute of the power of voluntary motion. Buffon tells us, very minutely, how our fish contrives to walk. Without entering into all the details given by the great Frenchman, we may condense his tale as follows: The mussel contrives to reach the object to which it desires to fix by means of its foot. This is thrust from the shell, and with it a slight furrow is made in the sand. By means of this furrow, and supported by it, the fish first turns on its edge, and then screws itself along the path so ingeniously made. Without entirely adopting this statement we may suppose the Mytilus, by the rapid opening and closing of its shells, can, like the oyster, generate sufficient power from the current produced by the discharged water to row himself backwards. Be this, however, as it may, we feel sure that the wise Architect did not send so frail a shallop to sea without compass, sail, or oar. We think it highly probable, therefore, that when cast adrift from its moorings by storms, our mussel receives propelling power both from the foot and the byssus, as well as from the force alluded to.

When a mussel shell is opened, we find the soft muscular structure attached to what may be called its external osseous frame by delicate but very strong ligaments. On the outer edge of the body is a pretty fringe, or margin, called the mantle. The offices performed by this peculiar structure are many and various. It supports and protects the gills which lie between its margins; by it the spat is taken up, and by means of some occult chemical process it secretes the pigment with which the shells are adorned. The mode in which this colouring matter is

applied to the surface is very singular, for it must be remembered that the inner face of the shell is pure white. The edges of the mantle which secretes the purple dye are in apposition only with the extreme edges of the shells, which are tinted by the contact. As the mussel grows, the secreting membrane also grows, so that each fresh layer of shell is tinted at the outer edge; fresh layers are constantly added, till, reaching the mesian line, they are met by those which have gradually risen on the opposite side, and then the painting is complete.

The word byssus signifies in the original, "fine flax," and has been frequently employed in this paper to designate the mooring chains—more like silk than flax, by the way—used by our mussel to anchor himself to the rocks. Man, however, has employed the substance furnished by some kindred genera for a different purpose. In the Exhibition of 1851, a large number of textile fabrics were shown which had been manufactured from the strands of a large mussel sufficiently common in the Mediterranean; and in Italy the stranger enters few museums which do not contain specimens of gloves and other similar articles made from this submarine silk. Some stockings, formed from this substance, were presented to Pope Benedict in 1754. But our mussel has, we venture to think, more important objects to discharge than to supply a few looms with experimental threads. Doctor Knapp, speaking of them as an article of food, mentions that there cannot be fewer than ten bushels consumed in Edinburgh per week. As the season extends over about forty weeks, the total would reach some four hundred bushels in one city alone. If we glance into Billingsgate, or the markets of our great inland towns, we may form some idea of the present importance of this mollusc. Particular localities are celebrated as producing this esculent in perfection, and in justice to Lancashire we must add that none are finer than those called "Hambleton Hookers," from a village well known to the majority of our readers. They are taken from the sea and placed in the river Weir, within the reach of the tide, where they grow very fat and delicious.

Not only is our mussel food, but he is also the procurer of food; and in the Frith of Forth it is computed that five or six millions are annually used as bait for haddock and cod. Notwithstanding the existence of an Oyster and Mussel Fisheries Act, the latter molluscs are so little cultivated that on the majority of our foreshores they are considered common property. In France, however, the edible mussel is extensively cultivated for the table; and who that has seen the countless myriads produced in the Bay of Aiguillon can forget the number, size, and quality of the fish? Over the bay, a large part of which is dry at low water, long rows of stakes are driven into the mud, and interlaced with brush. On this the spat fastens and grows, and in due time is thinned, transplanted, and finally sent to market. This farm, which has existed above seven centuries, proves at least two points pretty conclusively—first, that if the mussel is fattened, and eaten at the right season, it is not unwholesome; secondly, that such an undertaking pays; otherwise we should not see a concern established about 1130 flourishing in 1870. It is much to be wished that the industry carried on at Aiguillon were largely imitated on the coasts of Lancashire, more especially as its seaboard very closely resembles that of the Bay of Arcachon. In Morecambe Bay Nature has taken the initiative on a large scale, for there the mussel beds are very valuable and extensive. During the winter this fishery affords lucrative employment to a large number of hands, who work it only from September to April, and, by doing so, send the produce to market when in the highest condition. It appears from evidence given before the Sea Fisheries Commission that these beds are practically inexhaustible, so long as the existing close time is observed, notwithstanding the fact that a hundred men are now employed on them, where fifty years ago two or three persons only obtained a scanty living. Nearly all the mussels taken from the beds in Morecambe Bay are sent into our large Lancashire towns.

We deem it needless to refute the vulgar idea that mussels are unwholesome. Every thing we eat disagrees with us if it be diseased, and all shell fish is or ought to be considered diseased at certain recognized seasons. If reasonable precautions, such as those observed on our immediate coasts, were followed elsewhere, the Mytilus Edulis would deservedly hold a higher rank than it now does in public estimation.

THE BEST POLICEMAN (A. 1) IN THE MANCHESTER FORCE.—Bobby Barnes.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE SENIOR WRANGLER.

MR. HOPKINSON has gained for this city and for Owens College the distinction of providing the most mathematical mind of the year at Cambridge. We don't attach much importance to what colleges or tutors produce these prodigies. It is too much the fashion to give them the credit of the student's own hard work and curiously constituted brain. To a gentleman of Mr. Hopkinson's mathematical genius it really does not matter much whose hands he gets in. He works out his own success. It is to him that we should pay the honour. Mr. Fox Turner characteristically proposes that the honour should take the form of a dinner. The idea is very funny, but it is too bad to give poor Mr. Hopkinson an indigestion for his pains. He surely might be rendered sufficiently uncomfortable by being pilloried in stone in front of the Infirmary; or by being painted by Sir Francis Grant or Mr. Prescott Knight and put in the menagerie. We would suggest that no troublesome honour be inflicted on Mr. Hopkinson at all, but that he be left to peaceably enjoy the one he has conferred upon himself; and we sincerely hope that he will not relapse into a musty old professor, but will gain fresh laurels in the future, and so not fall into that foredoomed obscurity which seems to swallow up most senior wranglers in its maw.

THE BARNES PORTRAIT AT THE INFIRMARY.

The munificence of Mr. Robert Barnes in founding, at a cost of thirty-five thousand pounds, a convalescent hospital and a house of recovery in connection with the Infirmary, has been commemorated by the gift of a portrait, which is henceforth to hang on the walls of our chief medical charity. It may appear a little ungracious to choose the occasion of the presentation for critical comment upon the treatment of the portraits in the Infirmary; but, in truth, it is only upon such an occasion that it is possible to arrest attention to the subject. The Bishop is reported to have said that it was well the rising generation should have before their eyes the portraits and statues of citizens who have made Manchester famous; and Mr. Hugh Birley, speaking on behalf of the Infirmary trustees, said the portrait of Mr. Barnes would worthily accompany those on the walls of the board-room, which recorded the services of former benefactors and friends of the institution. All this sounds very admirable; but what are the facts as regards the portraits in the Royal Infirmary? They number eight in all; and, as we have already more than once recorded in these pages, one of the personages depicted is utterly unknown; another is doubtful; it is impossible to ascertain the names of the givers of four of the portraits; and of the painters of five out of the eight pictures no information is obtainable. The former benefactors and friends of the institution would prefer, we should think, total oblivion to such a memorial mockery. Have we any guarantee that, fifty years hence, the rising generation may not be asking in vain to know whose effigy is that which we now recognize as Mr. Robert Barnes, and what painter was that (albeit a P.R.A.) who was permitted to perpetrate upon canvas a sketch so flimsy and mediocre?

OMNIBUS UNPUNCTUALITY.

An intelligent correspondent of the *Guardian* writes to say he never knows when the Didsbury omnibuses start; they are always five minutes late and generally ten. If these statements are true, we see no excuse for the gentleman's ignorance. We should say that the Didsbury omnibuses start always five minutes late and generally ten.

THE STATE OF THE ROADS.

It is an old saw that experience teaches. We fear, however, that the truth is, experience doesn't teach. Frost after frost comes, but the roads remain in the same neglected, dangerous state. Occasionally an odd load of ashes is thrown over some small portion of the way, and a few days after a complete thaw has reduced the icy crust to a black slush half a foot deep, two or three decrepit old men may be noticed by a vigilant eye feebly scraping a few feet of road. If the streets outside the town were properly looked after, frosts would make no matter. Mud would not be suffered to accumulate for any sharp night to harden into

rocky ruts. Snow would not be permitted to lie upon the ground, to be converted by cart-wheels into that slippery coat which makes locomotion a peril and a purgatory. In town itself the traffic and the pavement keep things tolerably right; but in the outskirts, where some sort of management is essential, those whose business it is to look after the roads do absolutely nothing; when salt, and ashes, and, most of all, cleanliness, might keep us independent of the weather. We wonder none of the large omnibus proprietors—to whom a hard frost means a loss of hundreds, and a long frost almost thousands—don't keep the road authorities alive to their responsibilities.

ANIMALS IN PANTOMIMES.

There is a growing tendency to introduce into conservative old pantomime some of those realistic expedients which have rediculed and enfeebled the regular drama. Amongst the most objectionable of these is the introduction of live animals upon the stage. Absurd from an art point of view, because out of harmony and proportion to the rest of the scene, and a mistake from a pantomimic point of view, because a live animal is not nearly so funny as its pasteboard representative; there is no reason for the continuance of the practice. It renders the spectator of the Prince's pantomime exceedingly uncomfortable to see Mr. Wainwright throw a little dog to Mr. Sheridan, who catches it by one leg, and it is not funny. Neither is it funny to see two big actors drawn on by a little donkey; while it is simply revolting to see the "Great Little Rowella" hugging a squealing pig. None of these three animals are half as laughable as the counterfeit cows, and are not to be mentioned with the admirable blackbirds. Similarly, the cleverly written pantomime at the Queen's is only marred by the introduction of the very pretty little donkey, which Ganem takes such tender care of. A large toy donkey, with a waggling head and on four wooden wheels, was a mine of fun at the Theatre Royal's *Forty Thieves*, in the grand old time when Theatre Royal pantomimes were things to see. No real animals were suffered to spoil the fun in the days when fun was funny. The best pantomime scene we ever saw was the embarkation of the knights, on imitation donkeys, in *St. George and the Dragon*. If that scene were played now, real donkeys would be used, and there would be no fun at all. It is a huge mistake this realistic folly; and its only effect is to inculcate the practice of cruelty to animals on minds too apt to think of it already.

THE BURNS DINNER.

A goodly muster of brither Scots dined together last week, at the Merchants' Hotel, in celebration of the birthday of Burns. Though we have little liking for this particular form of idolatry—believing as we believe, that there are "mony better an' few waur"—we are bound to congratulate our Burns Club upon the modesty and good sense that governed the speech-making. The immortal Rab counts among those who were never across the border a far larger host of sincere worshippers than all the true Scots put together would amount to. This, of course, is a fact of which we despair of ever being able to convince any Scotchman whatsoever. He would as lief accept Byron's taunt that "there was no genius between Clackmannan and Caithness"—not, however, that Byron meant this in earnest, as witness his speedy recantation—

I rail'd at Scots to show my wrath and wit.

ANOTHER BARGAIN IN PIANOS.

Our old friend, the "Lady leaving Manchester, desirous of selling her piano"—that beautiful, rich-toned instrument—has apparently met with a competitor, *vide* the advertisement in the daily papers:—

A Poor Orphan Wishes to DISPOSE OF her 60-guinea Cottage PIANO. Her mother being dead, she has now succeeded to this business, which, having been very profitable during her lifetime, she hopes will continue to be successful. 26 Guineas will be taken.—— Cottage, Cheetham.

Without wishing to criticize the touching phraseology, it is undoubtedly singular that a business which consisted of selling 60 guinea pianos, if at anything like the price now asked, should have been so "very profitable;" and it is to be hoped the poor orphan will not be disappointed if such prosperity does not last. But is there not a strong family likeness between this advertisement and that of the Lady leaving Manchester? Can it be that our friend, who has been for the last two or three years on the point of departure, has suddenly become alive to the fact that by this time she ought to have left, and therefore, if that unlucky piano is to be sold at all, some other pleasant little ruse must be adopted? We will not express our opinion, but charitably give both the "Poor Orphan" and the "Lady leaving Manchester" the benefit of this gratuitous puff.

HUGH MASON IN EXCELSIS.

AT the annual meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, on Monday last, some of the members waxed unusually jubilant. The President, Mr. Alderman Bennett, led the way in this respect, but was rather more guarded in his remarks than when he made his prematurely optimist speech three months since. Mr. Bennett's congratulatory cooings, however, were tame and mild when compared with Mr. Hugh Mason's shrill clarion, whose jubilant and defiant tone was enough to make the boldest hold his breath for a time. Even Mr. Malcolm Koss, who has pluck enough for anything, was somewhat taken aback, and signified his doubts, if not dissent, from one of Mr. Hugh Mason's assertions. "Shake not your gory locks at me," however, evidently passed through that gentleman's mind, for he repeated his assertion with, if possible, more emphatic dogmatism than before, that "the machinery which the foreign spinner bought in England cost him a great deal more than it did the English spinner at home." This statement, however, was more than Mr. Malcolm Ross could swallow; and in his speech afterwards, having with characteristic Scotch caution remarked that "it was most gratifying, after ten years of bad trade, to find those gentlemen so jubilant as to the future, and he *hoped* they would not be disappointed," he further said that he "could not see what difference there could be in the cost, beyond the carriage to the place where it was to be erected."

Mr. Hugh Mason snaps his fingers at all foreign competition whatever, and, in fact, ignores it entirely, which, in our opinion, is a very rash proceeding. We do not say that we prefer to have no foreign competition, nor should we advocate the adoption of protective restraints to prevent it, but to leave it out of consideration in a spinner or manufacturer's calculations would be a proceeding very likely to lead many of them back into that quagmire from which, according to Mr. Bennett and Mr. Mason, they have now emerged. As a proof of the prosperity of the cotton trade, Mr. Mason quoted some statistics concerning the exports of calico, which lately appeared in the London *Times*, (by no means a good authority on the trade of this district). Now, it appears, that when any one connected with cotton in its various branches, once gets the statistical maggot into his head, it is extraordinary into what paroxysms that parasite will drive the sufferer. "—— figures," said a well known old Lancashire spinner some years since, "—— figures, they always lead me wrong. I made it out to a certainty that cotton should have been two-pence a pound dearer by this time, and it is actually three-halfpence cheaper!" Large exports are no more an infallible proof of prosperity, than is a large revenue derived from the duties levied upon ardent spirits a sign that the country is thriving. It is notorious that the exports of cotton goods are swelled by consignments on manufacturers' own account as a means of raising money and to enable them to "float" the rest of their production. As for getting returns on the sale of such consignments, it is like getting butter out of a dog's throat. Mr. Mason points to the new mills which are projected, and the number of people going into the cotton trade who never were in it before. Well, we can only say, that in Manchester, Stockport, Stalybridge, and other places, there are scores of mills closed and empty, which either Mr. Mason or Mr. Alderman Bennett, who at the meeting talked a lot of irrelevant platitudes about the National Defences can have for an old song any day they like. Exports indeed! Perhaps Mr. William Sale, solicitor, could tell the Chamber of Commerce something about exports and mercantile chicanery, cheating, and swindling. There is no royal road to fortune in the cotton trade any more than there is in other businesses or professions.

Mr. Hugh Mason is a practical and successful spinner in a special branch, as his father was before him, and apparently thinks that every one else is doing as well as himself. Mr. Alderman Bennett, who deals in timber and slates, knows nothing about the business at all, and whenever he makes one of his maundering speeches on the subject, always

gives us the impression that he has been cramming in order to pass his commercial "littlego." Mr. Hugh Mason, however, is a burning and shining light among spinners, and speaks with authority. We very much fear that his exuberant language is likely to mislead bankers, bill brokers, cotton dealers, and others, who are not over wise in their generation. In passing, we gladly testify to Mr. Hugh Mason's merits as a cotton-spinner, and to his enlightened appreciation of the responsiblities and duties of a large employer of labour. At no place in this district is the moral and physical comfort and welfare of the operatives better attended to than at the Oxford Mills, Ashton-under-Lyne. After seeing the yellow, emaciated, toothless, ill-favoured "hands" we meet in the factory districts of Manchester, it is quite a treat to witness the ruddy-cheeked sonsy lasses who come trooping out of Mr. Hugh Mason's mills at Ashton. Mr. Mason, however, is led away by his own success, and we cannot exactly see things through his rose-coloured spectacles. One can scarcely take up a paper, without coming across the failure of somebody engaged in the cotton trade. Many hundreds of manufacturers have failed within the last few years. Now that they are doing better, merchants have begun to lose heavily, and, as Mr. Mason himself hinted, dear money would reveal a great many hollow places.

On this occasion, Mr. Hugh Mason's ingrained pugnacity appears to have been roused by the gentle ululations of Mr. Walmsley, of Stockport, who had taken exception to some of Mr. Alderman Bennett's effusions. Stockport, Ashton-under-Lyne, and other manufacturing towns at one time greatly encouraged and patronized cockfighting. The belligerent pastime still exists among the cotton-spinners themselves. The De Profundis dismal Cochin-China croup of the Stockport bird was immediately answered by a shrill crow of defiance from the Ashton game-cock, and they fought the battle out in the King Street cockpit, Mr. Alderman Bennett presiding, and sundry other sporting characters aiding and abetting. According to Mr. Hugh Mason, the commercial day is breaking in Lancashire ; and

Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn.

We trust that his remarks may not inspire the London *Times* with more felicitous exercitations. Fortunately for spinners, Liverpool is down at present ; but we have seen the day when Mr. Mason's speech would have fired the souls of our excitable neighbours, and loosed the purse strings of their bankers. We are sorry that we cannot altogether share in Mr. Alderman Bennett and Mr. Mason's joviality, and can only say, with Mr. Ross, that we hope they may not be disappointed.

CURLING AT HOLLINGWORTH LAKE.

BY A NORTH BRITON.

When biting Boreas, fell and dour,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When Phœbus gives a short-liv'd glow'r,
Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r
Or whirling drift.

BURNS.

"NA ! na ! I am owre auld noo. Besides, it's sae awful' cauld ; I daurna gang, for my auld wife wadna hear o't."

"Weel it *is* cauld, but ye didna use tae fear cauld, Donald. Jist come and hap yersel' weel roun' the shouthers, an' tho' there may be nae flaes i' your sark, ye'se be cosy eneuch, espeecially gin ye tak' a mutchkin o' akacapivi."

"But, lad, whar wull I sleep !"

"Ods man ! ye can stay ou're nicht wi' me, an' we'll be in time for the kirk i' the mornin'."

Such was the invitation, heartily given, but accepted with some trepidation, to see the great curling match at Hollingworth Lake on Saturday last, open to all Lancashire and Yorkshire, for a silver cup. With the desire to see the sport of my youth, so far away from the spot where first I joined in the "gleesome game," and naturally anxious to see if the players of this generation do really surpass those of old days, I consented to accompany my friend, who, besides being an expert at the game himself, had a more immediate and recent knowledge of the competitors.

Before we go further, a few words on the game generally may not be altogether inappropriate. The game of curling is essentially Scotch. Acclimatizing, and often excelling, in most English games and sports, Scotland has some games peculiarly her own. The game of curling may be likened to the English game of bowling. For the smooth, green sward substitute a level sheet of ice, on any natural or artificial pond. Instead of the "jack," imagine two fixed spots, called "tees," thirty-eight yards apart (the "rink" or playing space being exactly forty-two yards long, according to the rules of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, which are as immutable of the laws of the Medes and Persians) ; three circles drawn from and around these "tees," the outer one having a seven-feet radius. A line in front of the "tee," distant from it one-sixth of the rink, is called the "hogscore." Eight players compose a "rink" (the term applying equally to the players and the space they play upon), four a-side, including a captain, who is termed "skip." Each player is provided with a broom to clear the ice, and a pair of stones weighing not more than fifty or less than 30 imperial pounds. These stones are circular in shape, and polished more on one side than the other, the player selecting and adhering to one, according to the keenness of the ice. The handles are arranged to fit on either side, and the ornamental appearance of the handle is often an index to the social position of its owner. Social position, however, does not obtain upon the ice. The best player almost invariably is made "skip ;" and so you may see assembled nobleman and servant, doctor and minister, ploughman, smith, and souter—all, literally as well as figuratively, on a level. "Ice, like Death, is a great leveller," as the skater said when he fell on his back.

Hollingworth Lake, usually in ripples with the plash of oars and the revolution of steamer paddles, is now like a huge looking-glass covered or sprinkled with a dusting of snowy particles. The hills surrounding the lake stand dimly in the light of a wintry morning, and the few trees rear their trunks and branches—gaunt and skeleton-looking—against a bleak sky. Notwithstanding the almost cheerless aspect of the place, a goodly sprinkling of folks are already before us—some enjoying the exciting but too often dangerous pastime of skating, and flying hither and thither, singly or in groups. Here are some playing golf on the ice ; there, one of the gentler sex, hand in hand with one who leads her gracefully along by the fingers, and enjoying the opportunity then afforded of whispering something he could not find courage at another time to do. A number are evidently natives, attracted by the announcement of such an unusual game, staring at the lurries conveying the stones from the station, and the number of rather noisy strangers, each carrying his broom.

Preparations are made, the rinks chosen and cleared—each skip looking to his ice, and finding generally that it is capital, but "a wee keen." Now the old familiar sounds are heard. Of great importance is a canny, steady "lead." Presently you hear the voice of the skip—"Andrew man, I can depen' on ye. Ye ken as weel's mysel'." "Weel laid down ! canny lads. Noo ! noo ! Soop (*anglicé* sweep). Just what I tauld ye." And the first stone comes along with a roar that may be compared to machinery at work underneath the floor on which you stand, until it gradually settles a few inches beyond the tee. Skip No. 2 approaches, and pointing to his opponent's stone, cries, "See ye that, Jamie? I want a bosom. Lets soop ye. Weel dune !" And the second, seeming to be short of impetus at first, comes gliding along, and assisted by the ready brooms of his fellow-players, settles short of the tee only a few inches. First skip, now roused. "Andrew, ye see this? chap him ; and sure enough, as ordered, Andrew's stone hits his opponent's straight, knocking it out and settles in its place. "Man, I'll buy ye a belt." Second Skip : "Jamie, jist raise this stane a wee, an' ye'll be the shot." It fails, but his skip consoles him by saying "fine length, man, but wide ; mair loss than *that* at Culloden." "Noo, David," cries First Skip, "a lang guard to this stane. Soop him ! soop ! soop ! ower the hog wi' him, daintily, daint—there ! Ye're a gran' player, Davie !" Second skip is rather uneasy, and asks, "can ye see this? Weel, tak' him awa' then"; but his stone, playing wide of the "guard," and having plenty of power, passes through without grazing, and is over several yards. First Skip :—"Davie, man, hae care this time, and we'll lie twa. Gran', gran' ; I couldna dune better mysel'." Second Skip :—"Archie, never min' that last. I want ye here,"—pointing between the two inlying stones of their opponents. "Tak' this, an' I'll forgie ye. Come awa ! come awa ! Fine ! Ye're the shot ; there's for you." Second Skip highly

delighted. First, rather ruefully, presently shouts :—"Lowrie wi' the strong arm, tak' this wi' ye. Ye're the man I wanted. Ye'll hae them greetin', bonnie Lowrie!" and again First Skip is up in spirits, and invites Lowrie to taste some auld Glenlivat from the proffered flask. Second, to his partner :—"What has been dune can be again. Man, I like ye. Bring him up, lads! He's here. Thank ye." First again : "Lowrie, ye can do this. Aye, he's oot, an' we lie twa. Oh! Lowrie, ye dinna tak' drink for naething." Second Skip, excited, instructs his friend to drive at them ; but being nearly in line, and his aim not very accurate, he misses, and his stone flies beyond the rink altogether. The Skips play in their turn now, the first playing a long guard to the stones of his partner, and the other vainly trying to cut him out, until one ends by them being "two in."

Turning to the other rinks we find some of them decked in tartan breeks, one with Glengarry cap and feather, another with a turban like a Turk. Here one encases his feet in indiarubber goloshes ; there another has his old stockings to keep him from slipping as he eagerly plies his besom. That they are not all hailing from the Cotton City is evidenced by the cries heard from different rinks. "Bravo, Leeds! Weel laid down." "Ste'enson's an auld sneck-drawer." "Bolton an' Wilson tak' the cup." That they are not exclusively Scotchmen we also observe. "Dinna miss this time, Mr. Grimshaw." "Gie't pith, Harry. Come awa, ye wee bodie." All of them, however, are keen at the game, regardless of the cold, fighting against disappointment, and never dreaming they are beaten. An apparently close game is the result, and when four o'clock is called, and the last stone played, there is a ringing cheer from rink to rink, and hats and besoms fly up in the air, capering, stamping, and screaming like a tribe of the wild Comanches engaged in their war-dance. Packing the stones, and congratulations occupy the next half-hour, when an adjournment is made to the Lake Hotel where mine host has provided a true curler's dinner—"beef and greens" with the etceteras. Reminiscences of the game add to the enjoyment of the meal. Then the tables are cleared, the cup placed on the table, a chairman appointed (English by the way) and the secretary reads the result of the play. The cheering is something deafening when he announces that the Manchester Royal Caledonian Curling Club has won by four shots. The cup is filled and presented amidst more cheers. But its present ownership is accompanied by the condition that it must be won twice, in consecutive years, ere it becomes absolute property ; and heads are shaken doubtfully when that clause is read out. Speeches follow, from which we learn that there are no fewer than 358 curling clubs in Scotland alone, and that they are increasing rapidly in England and the United States, but especially in Canada, the great regularity of the season allowing play to a certainty every winter. Here, at Hollingworth, the enthusiasm waxes more fervent as we drink to the Land o' Cakes; then with another bumper to "Duch an Dhorris" we hurry out, catch the train, and pass through the wintry starlight home.

ET TU!

FROM THE GREEK.

With his claw the Snake surprising,
Thus the Crab kept moralizing :
"Out on sidelong turns and graces!
"Straight 's the word for honest paces."

ONE RESULT OF THE WEATHER.

One of the most remarkable effects of the protracted frost and east-winds upon trade and the money market is the large supply of TIC which they have produced.

DOCTOR CUMMING'S PROPHECIES.

Doctor Cumming predicts that one of the first results of the approaching Royal marriage with a Presbyterian nobleman will be a wreath of Orange blossoms.

INDUSTRY AND PRODIGALITY.

While the Duke of Argyll has been busily engaged with *Good Words* and I.O.N.A., the Duke of Newcastle has been squandering his means and time in foolish actions and I.O.U.S.

THE BISHOP AND THE HERETIC.

A DREAMT SERMON.

RIGHT Rev. and dear Sir,—Being too unwell last Sunday evening to go forth and hear your lordship, your lordship was good enough to come and preach to me. I must premise, my lord, that I had been reading the *Sphinx* and the *Manchester City News*. In the *Sphinx* I had found a critique, written professedly by "a Heretic," in which the writer charged the Church of England—its ministers, its worshippers, and even its liturgy—with lack of earnestness ; and in the *City News* I had read a report of a sermon you preached at Levenshulme, in which you more or less distinctly replied to that charge. Well, my lord, I had put down both papers with a sort of logical sigh, which meant that the critic had argued one thing and the bishop another—in short that, in schoolmen's phrase, it was decidedly a case of "undistributed middle."

And then I fell into a slumber, and in that state it gave me no surprise to find that I had exchanged identity with the "Heretic," and that you, my lord, had come to argue the matter afresh. But what did puzzle me was who exactly you yourself were. Now you were Dr. Norman M'Leod, now you were John Henry Newman (while he was yet vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford), now you were Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, anon you were yourself, and now you were all these. Hearken, you began, O thou contributor to the *Sphinx*, and give ear, O thou Heretic! What you meant in your sermon at Levenshulme (continued your lordship) was that men might have their religious feelings roused, without being on that account at all the more likely to be obedient in practice—rather the less likely. To mistake mere transient emotion or mere good thoughts for obedience, was a far commoner deceit than at first sight appeared. Of course no one could be religious without having his heart in his religion. His affections must be actively engaged in it. It was the aim of all Christian instruction to promote this. But if so, doubtless there was a great danger lest a perverse use should be made of the affections. In proportion as a religious duty was difficult, so was it open to abuse. For the very reason, then, that you desired, my lord, to make us earnest in religion, must you also warn us against a counterfeit earnestness, which often misled men from the plain path of obedience, and which most men were apt to fall into just on their first awakening to a serious consideration of their duty. It was not enough to bid us serve the Master in faith, fear, love, and gratitude ; care must be taken that it was the faith, fear, love, and gratitude of a sound mind. That vehement tumult of zeal which the "Heretic" desired you to attempt to excite, was the zeal which Peter felt before his trial, but which failed him under it. That open-mouthed admiration of the populace at the reviving of the dead was suddenly changed to blasphemy. This might happen now as then ; and it often did happen in a way distressing to the Christian teacher. You would find it far easier, my lord, to interest men in the subject of religion (hard though that were) than to rule the spirit which you had excited. Your hearers, when their attention was gained, would soon begin to think you did not go far enough ; then they would seek means which you would not supply, of encouraging their mere feelings to the neglect of humble practical efforts after obedience. For these reasons you thought it as important to warn men against impetuous feelings in religion as to urge them to give their heart to it.

Doubtless, it was no sin to feel at times passionately on the subject of religion. It was natural in some men, and, under certain circumstances, it was praiseworthy in others. But these were accidents. As a general rule, the more religious men became, the calmer they became ; and at all times the religious principle, viewed by itself, was calm, sober, and deliberate. The woman who had been a sinner, when she came behind the Master, wept much, and washed His feet with her tears. It was well done in her ; she did what she could, yet it was clear this was not a permanent state of mind. Had her faith no deeper root than this emotion, it would soon have come to an end, like Peter's earnestness. The Master had given us a prayer for our guide and as a model for our worship. How plain and unadorned was it! How few were the words of it! How grave and solemn the petitions! What an entire absence of tumult and feverish emotion! And upon that model the liturgy of the Church of England had been strictly formed. You would look in vain in the Prayer Book for long or vehement prayers ; for it was only upon occasions that agitation of mind was right. But there was ever a

call upon us for seriousness, gravity, simplicity, deliberate trust, deep-seated humility. Many persons, doubtless, like the "Heretic," thought the church prayers, for that very reason, cold and formal. They did not discern their high perfection, and thought they could easily write better prayers. Worshippers should not promise much; should not talk much of themselves; should not be high-minded, nor encourage themselves to impetuous, bold language in religion. Let them take warning, too, from that fickle multitude who first strewed palms, and then called aloud for the cross. A miracle startled them into a sudden adoration; its effect upon them soon died away.

At this point in your lordship's sermon I awoke, reached from my book-shelf a volume of Newman, and finished your lordship's argument for myself.—Yours, A DIFFERENT HERETIC.

"I" AND "WE."

WHO has not felt the magic influence of mountain air? It is a specific for care, dyspepsia, and half the ills to which flesh is heir. As we tread the hills our hearts grow more light, our limbs more elastic. Why is this? The truth is, we stand face to face with beauty, harmony, and peace, and are beyond the petty jars and meannesses that scratch the varnish from our daily life.

How different are our sensations whilst tracing the foul courts and alleys of our larger cities. Here, indeed, we see the reverse side of the picture—dirty canvass, daubs, and patches. We feel instinctively, that in the one case all is fair and healthful, and in the other that all is rotten and unwholesome; in fact, we breathe even material air as much through nerve and brain as we do mechanically through the lungs.

But is there no such thing as a moral atmosphere? There is, and its analysis is one of the saddest studies with which we are acquainted. How differently the atmosphere of different households affects our senses. In some it is as warm, fresh, and clear as the light of a summer's day; in others it is close and stifling, as if a thunder-storm was imminent; in others, again, it is deadly cold, and we feel that in it life can put forth few flowers, and bear little fruit. What is the cause of differences so great? Can such insignificant monosyllables as "I" and "We" produce them? Probably not. Yet they are banners under which the hostile influences of good and evil are often ranged—the watch-words of that tone and quality of mind which underlies such opposite phases in social life.

"Do you know Major Cartouche!" we asked a friend the other day. "Yes," was the reply; "and a nasty selfish beast he is." Now, this much-abused commander was sadly given to the use of the personal pronoun in the singular number, and in him, as in others, it was but the outward and visible sign of an inward self-love. "*I* am going here." "*I* like this or dislike that." Ergo, the Major does the one or leaves the other undone. But Madame and the Misses Cartouche desire the Major's company for a morning call, a promenade, or to accompany them on the ice. He detests morning calls, abhors promenading, and is too old to put on his skates. The heaven of the household becomes obscured; there is thunder and rain, disappointment, anger, and tears. Oh! Major, Major! did you never hear of the golden chain that binds happy households; a chain that derives its strength from the bands that find and furnish mutual strength and support? It is to be feared you are but a rusty link that no one picks up, and which will soon be trodden under the earth, and be missed by none. There are many majors that do not hold Her Majesty's Commission. Young majors and old majors, he-majors and she-majors, majors in the kitchen and majors in the parlour, wrong-headed people who daily do battle with the world and deem they win. We do not envy their barren victories; the cost out-weighs the triumph. "I" is a sad selfish fellow. He stands in the sunshine—at least he thinks so—but under his shadow domestic peace withers. He is a leper in society with an infectious moral disease, and ought to be sent outside the camp. Those immediately about him are apt to grow sour and unsympathetic, and, sooner or later, when the period of incubation is past, are, humanly speaking, pretty sure to exhibit a general irruption of "I's," to the annoyance of their neighbours and the disgust of their friends.

"I shall" and "you shant" certainly do not deserve a place in "good words." Such verbal shuttlecocks are often tossed about in what should be the social circle. The game is exciting, and soon grows keen, eager, and absorbing, and invariably passes from sport to earnest. The moral seems to be that the most obstinate player is soonest or later left to finish the match alone. The first evil "I" that breaks out in our nursery will be severely cauterized.

We are not so Utopian as to suppose that poor humanity exists apart from selfishness. Of course the powder is there; but woe to the man that is ever on the watch to apply the match. A bucketful of geniality and disinterestedness poured over it now and then would do much to make the dark mass harmless. We do not ignore higher or more potent influences, but this is not the place for them. In fine, "I" is an excellent man at his business, but a sad dog in his domestic circle, where he is a more evil spirit than any medium can evoke; and we recommend our friends, one and all, to employ the bewildered Dominie's pet phrase, "Exorciso te."

Enter "We," to soft music. If "I" is an ugly, Quilpish demon, our second act opens with a spirit of another and better order, who presides over harmonious councils, and whose gifts are peace. We once were happy in the privilege of calling three dear old ladies "kinswomen." Their footman was old, their butler older. They had old carriages, old horses, old dogs, old female servants; in short, nothing seemed to leave the house voluntarily, but staid till death called to fetch them. That was something like a house. Everybody was "we;" no one was "I;" and, wonderful to relate, each of the triad seemed to carry out the plan she most desired. Whether a poor neighbour was to be visited, it was just the thing. If an airing was proposed, there was general assent. Our gentle ladies were by no means weak-minded people, without a will of their own. On the contrary, their private conduct was regulated by a steady, unshrinking sense of duty that, though ever courteous, was mildly inflexible. When corporate, they were plural in speech; when single, their acts were their own. They had duty to do, and did it. As they were in youth, so were they in age, types of a class. Forbearance and consideration for the feelings and prejudices of others are like springs of pure water. Where these flow, flowers are found. When such sweet fountains are tapped in the drawing-room, they inevitably trickle down stairs, wash away jealousy and mistrust, and raise a crop of good-will, whose fruits are honesty, respect, and affection. Some soils are so inherently barren as to be incapable of fertilization.

In sisters bred up in the doctrine and discipline of law, Gospel, and home, we see this feeling in one of its sweetest aspects. We find it in brothers who stand side by side and fight the battle of life together; but its highest development exists in those who love. Here self is merged in a still dearer self; there is but one will and one heart. When two, in the highest sense, become one flesh, "I" feels his work is done—his end is at hand—he takes to his bed, makes his will, and bequeaths "We" to those who know how to cherish so gentle a spirit to their lives' end.

Though our sketch is but a line engraving it might easily have been worked into a picture that heaven knows would not have wanted depth of shadow. Idle habits, loose companionship, wasted opportunites, and sound lives, are often the direct fruits of masculine self-will. Whilst it introduces our girls to clandestine acquaintance, milliners bills, loss of self-respect, discontent, and the Divorce Court. It is a wedge that rends into fragments the trunk of family unity, and the chips are pretty sure to be blown finally into the gutter. Nor is this all; the habit is infectious, and readily communicated from masters to servants, from husbands to wives, from brothers to sisters, from one generation to another. It lies at the root of many of the great social evils of the day. It—but this will never do. In fact, "I," when he exceeds his first limits and mistakes his vocation, is a bitter task-master, and the sooner we break our indentures and flee for our lives, the happier, the more prosperous, and the better we shall be.

APHORISMS.

IF you wish your servants to keep early hours the best way is to begin by keeping them yourself.

In works of charity it is well not to let your right hand know what your left doeth; but, in the noble art of self-defence, both your right and left must act in concert.

GOOD HOUSE COAL to be had at 48, GRANBY ROW, at 7d. per Cwt
BEST, 8d. per Cwt. Carted one mile and a half.

THE GREAT ANNUAL SALE
AT
RICHARD BATEMAN'S
18 & 20, OLDHAM-STREET & DALE-STREET
MANCHESTER,
WHICH IS NOW TAKING PLACE.

Public attention is respectfully directed to this important **Annual Sale**, and the **advantages it offers.**

We have much pleasure in announcing that we have recently opened a Department for **Household Linens**, and **General Drapery**, jointly with the Fancy Trade, and we especially desire to draw notice to this new feature in our Business. The Stock, in addition to all the Standard makes, contains numerous **Lots of Domestic Drapery at remarkable prices.**

The Managers of our various Departments have been for some time past actively engaged in the endeavour to purchase for this **Sale First-Class Goods under value**, and owing to the continuance of The War, and other causes, they have been most successful.

We would here refer to the fact, that the utmost efforts have ever been used to place before our Patrons the **best products of British and Foreign Manufacture**, and that articles of an inferior quality never form part of the **Stock at Britannia House.**

Household Linen Department.

White Toilet Quilts.

40 11-4 Size..... at 8s 11d
60 11-4 Size..... at 11s 6d
50 12-4 Size..... at 12s 6d
30 13-4 Size..... at 14s 6d, usual price 18s 6d
20 13-4 Size..... at 19s 6d, usual price 27s 6d
35 14-4 Size..... at 25s 6d

Witney, Bath, and Bury Blankets.

200 Pairs..
- 10-4..... 8s 11d
- 11-4..... 10s 9d
- 12-4..... 13s 6d
- 12-4..... 15s 6d
- 13-4..... 17s 6d
- 13-4..... 21s
- 13 4..... 25s 6d
- 13-4..... 32s 6d

All Wool

Cotton Sheetings, Twilled and Plain.

8 Pieces, 2 yards wide 1s 0½d
9 Pieces, 2 yards wide 1s 3½d
7 Pieces, 2¼ yards wide 1s 4½d
6 Pieces, 2¾ yards wide 1s 6½d
6 Pieces, 2¾ yards wide 1s 11½d
8 Pieces, 3 yards wide 2s 4d

Bleached Damask Table Cloths.

100 6-4 White Damask Cloths 1s 9½d
80 7-4 White Damask Cloths 2s 11d
170 8-4 White Damask Cloths 3s 9d
75 8-10 White Damask Cloths 4s 9d
50 10-12 White Damask Cloths 9s 6d
60 10-14 White Damask Cloths 11s 9d
55 10-16 White Damask Cloths 15s 9d
30 10-16 White Damask Cloths 19s 9d
6 Pieces 8-4 Half-bleached Table Linen, 1s 11½d, usual price 3s 3d
3-8 Size Doyleys 1s 4d to 3s 9d per dozen
25 dozen 8-4 Size Half-bleached Damask Cloths, at 3s 11d, usual price 4s 11d
5-8 Size Table Napkins, 2s 11d, 3s 9d, and 4s 11d, and up to 14s 9d
A Lot of Soiled Table Linen, very cheap.

Household Linen Department.

Lenо, Lace, and Muslin Curtains.

300 Pairs, 3 yards long, at 1s 11d, 2s 9d, 3s 11d, to 7s 9d
420 Pairs, 3½ yards long, at 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11, to 15s 9d
260 Pairs, 4 yards long, at 6s 11d, 8s 11d, 10s 9d, to 45s
Swiss Embroidered Curtains, 4 yards long, 21s to 63s

Pure Finished Long Cloths.

20 Pieces, 32 inches wide ..... at 3½d
25 Pieces, 32 inches wide ..... at 4½d
24 Pieces, 36 inches wide ..... at 5½d
30 Fine Washed Long Cloth ..... at 2½d
Horrocks's Long Cloths 4d to 6½d, Crewdson's 5½d to 7½d, Findlay's 4½d to 6½d per yard.

Lancashire, Welsh, and Saxony Flannels.

A Lot of All Wool Shirting Flannels at 10½d, worth 1s 3½d
20 Pieces of 1½-yard wide Washing Damask 1s 0½d, worth 1s 6½d
12 Pieces ¾ yard wide Nursery Diaper 5½d to 9½d
40 Dozens Linen Towels..... at 2s 6d per doz
30 Dozens Linen Towels..... at 3s 6d, worth 5s 6d
250 Print Dresses, of 8 yards at 3s 9d, usual price, 5s 9d
Higher-priced qualities very much reduced

Mantle Department.

Having just purchased the entire Stocks of Two Eminent French Manufacturers, consisting of Rich Lyons Velvet, Cloth, and other Jackets and Mantles, we shall offer them with the remainder of our Winter Stock during the Sale, at the following exceptional prices:—

Mantle Department—Continued.

Loose Silk Velvet Jackets, 35s 6d, usual price, 45s.
Loose Silk Velvet Jackets, 49s 6d, usual price 63s
Loose Silk Velvet Jackets, handsomely trimmed, 3 and 4 Guineas, usual price 4 and 5 Guineas
Fitting Silk Velvet Jackets, handsomely trimmed, 4 Guineas, usual price 5 Guineas
Very Handsome Pattern Jackets, of Rich Lyons Velvet, 5 Guineas, worth 8 Guineas
Our Very Best Pattern Velvet Jackets, 7 Guineas, worth 10 Guineas
Loose Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 10s 6d, ordinary value 15s 6d
Loose and Semi-fitting Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 15s 6d, ordinary value 21s
Loose and Semi-fitting Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 21s, ordinary value 31s 6d
The New "Coattee" All Wool German Cloth Jackets, 31s 6d, ordinary value 45s
Loose or Fitting Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 42s ordinary value 55s
Loose or Fitting Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 49s 6d, ordinary value 63s
The colours in the above are choice shades of green, brown, claret, mulberry, blue, &c., &c.
A Special Lot of French and German Black Cloth Fitting (Pattern) Jackets, at 2 and 3 Guineas, worth 4 and 6 Guineas
Ladies' and Children's Waterproof Cloaks, in every fashionable shape and colour, at very reduced prices during the Sale
A Lot of Real Sealskin Jackets (choice Skins), at 7 and 9 Guineas, price earlier in the season 9 and 12 Guineas
Superior Dogskin Jackets, at 3 and 4 Guineas, worth 5 and 6 Guineas
A Manufacturer's Stock of Opera Mantles, various styles and colours, all at 6s 11d each, the ordinary price would be 21s

Shawl Department.

The War has been, as will be well understood, the cause of immense sacrifices on the part of the Lyons manufacturers, famed for their beautiful and costly designs in Woven Long and Square Shawls; we have several lots which will be shown along with the products of the manufacturers at Paisley, at prices greatly to the advantage of buyers. The prices commence at 1 Guinea, and upwards to 12 Guineas.
120 Queensland Wool Shawls, at 6s 11d, ordinary price 10s 11d
70 Queensland Wool Shawls, at 9s 11d, ordinary price 15s 6d
50 Reversible Wool Shawls, at 19s 6d, ordinary price 29s 6d
35 Reversible Wool Shawls, at 25s 6d, ordinary price 35s 6d
A lot of Elegant Wool Shawls, novel designs, at 29s 6d, worth 2 Guineas
An extraordinary purchase of the Finest Saxony Wool Scarf Shawls, in all the Scotch Clans, at very reduced prices.
The stock of Black Lace, Grenadine, Llama, and Cashmere Shawls, Mantles, and Jackets, will be sold at immensely reduced prices.

Silk Department.

Black Silks.

We have during the past month concluded extensive and advantageous purchases of Black Silks, the manufacture of C. J. Bonnet and Cie, and C. M. Teillard and Cie, of Lyons, who possess a world-wide repute for purity, richness, and durability of make.
The prices are 4s 11d, 5s 11d, 6s 11d, 7s 11d, 8s 11d, and 9s 11d per yard, all guaranteed, and doubtless ere long these goods will be very scarce and dear.

Silk Department—Continued.

Black Silks, of English manufacture and excellent value, at 21s, 25s 6d, 29s 6d, 35s 6d, 39s 6d, 42s, 49s 6d, 55s 6d, 59s 6d, and 63s, the Dress of 12 yards, or any length cut.
A Lot of Black Figured Silks, from 3s 11½d to 5s 11d per yard, much under value.

Coloured, Fancy, and Plain Silks.

A Lot of Coloured Silk Dresses, 12 to 14 yards, 39s 6d, worth 47s 6d
A Lot of Self-coloured Broche Silks, 12 to 14 yards, 49s 6d, worth 65s
A Lot of French Chene Silks, 12 to 14 yards, 49s 6d, worth 69s
A Lot of Black Ground French Silks, rich Broche in colours, 14 yards, 69s 6d, worth 87s 6d
50 very beautiful French Silk Dresses, at prices ranging from 4½ Guineas up to 7½ Guineas the Full Dress: prices before the war would be at least double.
A Lot of Coloured Gros de Suez, at 4s 11½d, usual price 5s 11d
A Lot of Coloured Gros Grains, at 5s 11½d, very choice shades of colour
The present Stock of Japanese Silk Dresses will be cleared off at a great reduction; prices from 25s 6d to 39s 6d the Full Dress

Trimmed Robe and Costume Department.

In this Department we hold a very large Stock of Made-up Dresses, Costumes, &c., principally from Berlin, the Prussian manufacturers having been of late very successful in their designs.
Repp and Wincey Trimmed Robes, at 10s 6d, with boddice
Repp Serge and Wincey Trimmed Robes, at 21s, with boddice
Costumes, with Jacket complete, 29s 6d, former price, 42s, in French Merino, Serge, and other Foreign Fabrics
Costumes, with Jacket complete and Lined Flannel, 35s 6d, former price, 50s in Satinlaine, Repp, and Serge, handsomely trimmed
Costumes, with Jacket complete and Lined Flannel, 49s 6d, former price, 63s, in Satinlaine, Satinroyal, and Austrian Cloth.
Costumes of Five Articles, Jacket inclusive at 59s 6d, usual price, 5 and 6 Guineas, very elegant Prussian patterns, trimmed fur, and in other fashionable styles.
A Lot of Black Silk Trimmed Robes and Costumes, from 3½ to 9 Guineas, upon which large reductions have been made
50 Trimmed Robes, with boddice at 10s 6d, Summer Stock
60 Trimmed Robes, with boddice, at 15s 9d, Summer Stock
40 Trimmed Robes, with boddice, at 21s, Summer Stock
A few elaborate French Costumes, at 59s 6d, original prices 5 and 6 Guineas
The foregoing Four Lots are of most extraordinary value
Several Lots of Prussian Costumes, complete in Lawn, Linen, and Cambric, will be cleared off at prices ranging from 12s 6d to 39s 6d

Bonnet and Hat Department.

We have bought for cash the Stocks of several eminent Modistes and Hat Manufacturers, at immensely reduced prices, consequent on the continuance of the war. These purchases include a large collection of Millinery, Pattern Bonnets, and Trimmed Hats, in highly distinguished modes. The Hats untrimmed embrace an extensive choice in Velvet, Grebe, and Real Seal. We have confidence and pleasure in assuring our friends that, having regard to the superior excellence of the goods here announced, the prices will be found to offer very extraordinary advantages, as follows:—

Agent for this splendid Cigar. Samples, 4½d. and 6d. each.

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HAIR DYE, 3s 6d. HAIR DESTROYER, or Depilatory for Removing Hair from the Face, 3s. 6d. SPANISH FLY OIL, or Oil of Cantharides, for the Growth of Hair and Whiskers, 3s 6d. ALEX. ROSS'S GREAT HAIR RESTORER, for Changing Grey Hair to its Proper Colour, 3s. 6d. Had of all Chemists in Manchester. ALEX ROSS, 248 High Holborn, London.

A HANDSOME NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.
One of DUNKERLEY & FRANKS' Beautifully Finished Umbrellas. Retail at Manufacturers' Prices,
AT 7, SWAN STREET, NEW CROSS, MANCHESTER.

Bonnet and Hat Department—Continued.

Millinery Bonnets, from 10s 9d to 21s, usual price 2 and 3 guineas
Trimmed Hats, from 10s 9d to 21s, usual prices 30s to 2 guineas
Black Silk Velvet Hats, 2s 11d and 3s 6d, worth 7s
Black French Velvet Hats, 5s 11d, worth 9s 6d
White Felt Hats, 3s 6d and 4s 6d, worth 8s 6d
Coloured Velvet Gipsy Hats, 6s 6d, worth 12s.9d
High Crown Seals, 14s 9d, worth 21s
Seal and Grebe, 5s 11d, worth 12s 9d
Seal and Grebe, 12s 9d, worth 21s
We have just received an assortment of elegantly trimmed and untrimmed Straw Bonnets for early Spring, which we shall charge "Sale Prices."

Dress Department.

Comprising Satinlaines, Silk and Wool Repps, Serge, Winceys, French Merinoes, Stuffs, and other Dress Materials, in colours and black. The following Lots represent purchases for the Sale, much under value, and the major portion of our ordinary Stock classified into the following Lots. We believe the whole to be of unsurpassed value, and invite comparison.

Lot 1. 2700 Yards best French Satinlaines, 2s 11½d, worth 3s 6d, in colours and black
Lot 2. 2870 Yards French Satinlaine, 2s 3d, worth 2s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 3. 2158 Yards French Satinlaine, 1s 11½d, worth 2s 6d, in colours and black
Lot 4. 2978 Yards French Satinlaine, 1s 4½d, worth 1s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 5. 1892 Yards English Satinlaine, 1s 2½d, worth 1s 8½d in colours and black
Lot 6. 2351 Yards English Ribbed Satinlaine, 1s 6½d, worth 1s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 7. 1739 Yards Best French Repp, 3s 11½d, worth 4s 9d, in colours and black
Lot 8. 1943 Yards French All Wool Repp, 2s 11½d, worth 3s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 9. 2670 Yards French Silk Repp, 2s 11½d, worth 3s 6d, in colours and black

Dress Department—Continued.

Lot 10. 1032 Yards French All Wool Repp, 1s 11½d, worth 2s 6d, in colours and black
Lot 11. 2051 Yards English Wool Repp, 1s 1½d, worth 1s 6½d, in colours
Lot 12. 1500 Yards English Wool Repp, 1s 0½d, worth 1s 4½d
Lot 13. 1670 Yards English Wool Repp, 9½d, worth 1s 0½d
Lot 14. 972 Yards Best Wool Serge, 1s 11½d, usual value, 2s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 15. 911 Yards Super Wool Serge, 1s 6½d, usual value, 1s 11½d, in colours
Lot 16. 1097 Yards Diagonal Cloth, 10½d, usual value, 1s 2½d, in colours
Lot 17. 3089 Yards French Merinoes, in all shades, 1s 11½d, a very cheap lot, usual value, 2s 6½d, in all colours
Lot 18. 4037 Yards Figured Alpacas and Russel Cords, 7½d, usual value, 10½d
Lot 19. 2099 Yards Real Aberdeen Winceys, 10½d, usual value, 1s 3½d
A Lot of Remnants and Single Dress Lengths, of good materials, all at 6½d per yard
A Lot of Remnants of Satinlaines and Best Materials, all at 1s per yard.
We have much confidence in drawing notice to our Stock of Scottish Tartans, in all the favourite Clan patterns. The Sale prices will be found under those of the manufacturers at Perth
Lot 20. 2350 Yards Best Scottish Kirtle Tartans, at 2s 6d, usual price, 3s 6d
Lot 21. 1132 Yards 4-4 Scottish Kirtle Tartans, 1s 11½d, usual price, 2s 11½d
Lot 22. 2050 Yards Clan Tartan Camlets, 10½d, usual price, 1s 6½d
Lot 23. 1391 Yards Clan Tartan Satinlaine (best goods), 2s 11½d, usual price, 3s 11½d

Ladies Underclothing Department.

100 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Tucked Skirts, 1s 9½d, 2s 3d, 2s 11d, 3s 6d, 3s 11d, and 4s 11d.

Ladies' Underclothing Department—Continued.

75 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Frilled Skirts, 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d, up to 9s 11d
90 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Embroidered and Frilled Skirts, 7s 11d, 8s 11d, 10s 11d, up to 25s
60 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Drawers, 1s 6½d, 1s 11½d, and 2s 6d
50 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Drawers, Embroidered, 1s 11½d, 2s 6d, 3s 3d, 3s 11d, 5s 6d, to 10s 9d, handsomely trimmed
40 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Chemises, 1s 11d and 2s 9d
70 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Chemises, Embroidered Fronts, 2s 11d, 3s 9d, 4s 9d, up to 12s 6d
40 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Plain Night Dresses, 2s 11d to 6s 9d
80 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Night Dresses, Embroidered Fronts and Cuffs, 3s 3d, 3s 9d, 4s 6d, 5s 11d, to 16s 9d

Ladies' Irish Cambric Handkerchief Department.

1,000 Dozens, commencing at

1s 3d the Half Dozen	3s 6d the Half Dozen
1s 9d the Half Dozen	4s 6d the Half Dozen
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2s 3d the Half Dozen	6s 6d the Half Dozen
2s 9d the Half Dozen	7s 6d to 14s the Half Dozen

Ladies' Irish Cambric Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs;—

2s 3d the Half Dozen	4s 6d the Half Dozen
2s 9d the Half Dozen	5s 6d the Half Dozen
3s 6d the Half Dozen	6s 6d the Half Dozen

Fur Department.

The Stock of Furs, which include Sable, Ermine, Miniver, Grebe, &c., &c.; Muffs, Collarettes, Ties, and Cuffs of the best manufacture, will be cleared off at the Cost Prices

Evening Dress Department.

The whole of our Evening Dress Attire, comprising Grenadine, Tarlatan, and Muslin Dresses, Feathers, Flowers, Caps, and Head Dresses, we shall submit at greatly reduced prices

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(W. TELBIN, Jun.)

Safety of Dick, Captain Bower, and the Cat.

COURT OF THE EMPEROR'S PALACE, MOROCCO.

(W. TELBIN, Jun.)

The "Adventures of Whittington and his Cat," half-bound in Morocco—Gambogia's suit not of a good standing colour—It won't wash—Muster of the Amazons—The Yellow Guard *muster'd*—Grand *assault*, and general *peppering*.

THE ENCHANTER'S CASTLE.

(W. TELBIN, SEN.)

The Dwarf a *double Glo'ster*, yet not quite the *cheese*—The compact broken—The Emperor's *authority* powerless against Hugliolalstik's *ruin*.

ALHAMBRA INTERIOR IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE

(W. MUIR.)

The happy return, and general distribution of rewards. The Cat and the Rat King!

LONDON STREET IN YE OLDEN TIME.

(C. BREW.)

YE LORD MAYOR'S SHOWE.

Trumpeters, Heralds, City Marshal, Civic Guard, Banners of the Trades' Companies, Morrice Dancers, Trades' Emblems, Knights in Armour, Gog and Magog, Pageant of the Four Seasons, Pageant of Britannia and the Four Quarters of the Globe, Lord Mayor's Coach, City Dignitaries, Henchmen, Footmen, &c., &c., &c.

EASTCHEAP AGAIN.

(C. BREW.)

The Yellow Dwarf changed to a Bobby—Bobby changed to a nobby swell—The Alderman changed for the worse—Dick and Alice unchanged—Attempted exchanges defeated—All changed by the Fairy Queen.

GARDENS OF THE HESPERIDES.

Fruits and Flowers.—C. BREW.

THE DRESSING OF THE TABLES FOR

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

(C. SMITHERS.)

TRANSFORMATION.

Harlequin—Mr. W. WAITE. Columbine—Miss FANNY BROWN. Pantaloon—Mr. W. PARKER. Sprite—M. VAN DE VELDE. Clown—Mr. NICOLO DUTTON.

NEW THAMES EMBANKMENT & HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

(W. TELBIN, Sen.)

Sewing machines—Clown takes an elevated view of things in general.

MUSIC SHOP AND NATIONAL SCHOOL.—(W. MUIR.)

Education for the million—A real German Defeat.

DECK OF THE "VICTORIA" MAN-ON-WAR. BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES.

MORNING PERFORMANCES commencing at HALF-PAST ONE o'clock on Saturday, February 4th, Tuesday, February 7th, and Saturday, February 11th.

J. C. EDWARDS, TOBACCONIST, &C., Manufacturer of the Piccadilly Smoking Mixture. Importer of Foreign Cigars, Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes. 107, PICCADILLY